

# CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

WE HOUGHT MILLS had just about gone out of style but a "panhandler" reminded us that they still are demanded as sales tax by some places of business. The fellow was about 50, apparently well-fed and ruddy cheeked. His clothing was just ordinary.

"Hey, friend," he called in his best panhandling tone as we breezed past the First National. He threw in a cheery smile for good measure. We paused, heaved a deep breath and prepared for the customary turn-down.

"Have you got a couple of mills in your pocket that you'd give a broke man?" he asked.

The deep breath left us. They usually ask for "a dime to get a cuppa cawfee."

"Ya see," he went on, "I'm out on the road and I've got a little buying to do and need two mills to pay the sales tax."

"We had no mills but managed to dig up a penny. He took the penny and went merrily on his way; we, too, felt a glow of satisfaction in knowing that we had helped some Ada merchant to secure a little business.

Another sign business is picking up here: O. D. Emmons reports his neighbor's garbage man called for the day's refuse in a six-wire wheel Packard sedan last week. And 'tis said Ada's garbage disposal system is in a bad way. Tsk! Tsk.

McGOFFEY'S FIRST READER for primary pupils as brought up to date for use in Oklahoma:

Q. What is dust?

A. The plague of the drouth area.

Q. What is the drouth area?

A. The dust bowl.

Q. Where is the dust bowl?

A. In the southwest.

Q. What kind of southwest?

A. The arid southwest.

Q. What does the dust do?

A. It swirls down.

Q. How?

A. Like a blizzard.

Q. What kind of blizzard?

A. A black blizzard.

Q. What happens then?

A. It reduces visibility.

Q. How much?

A. To 300 yards.

Q. What effect does that have?

A. It blinds motorists.

Q. Then what?

A. Highway traffic becomes hazardous.

Q. What do the people do?

A. Hope for rain.

Q. What kind of rain?

A. A needed rain.

Q. Does it rain?

A. No. It sprinkles.

Q. What does a sprinkle of rain do?

A. Saves part of the parched wheat crop.

Q. Does that reduce the price of bread?

A. No.

Teacher: That's all for the day. You pupils go home and read your newspaper so you can report on weather conditions in the panhandle tomorrow.

With his beard shaved off, the fleeing Emperor Haile Selassie might throw a sheet around himself and disguise as Mahatma Gandhi.

SINCE WE HAVEN'T walked this mortal sphere long enough to be eligible for the \$200 a month promised by Dr. Townsend even if it were effective, we have devised another plan which should be equally as lucrative. If we ever get through doing the things tomorrow that we should have done yesterday, we may get up an initiative petition to put it into effect. The plan would be to pension all defeated candidates at a rate 25 per cent higher than the salary they would have drawn if elected. This should be popular, considering the number of candidates who are certain to be defeated this year. The beautiful thing about the plan is that it would do away with all mud-slinging in campaigns. Since the pension would be more attractive than the salary, each candidate would laud his opponent rather than cuss him. Only the most honest and upright candidates would be elected to office that way. Of course, we wouldn't need a pension because the plan includes a \$5 royalty to be paid by each pensioned candidate to the originator of the idea. As for raising the money, that could easily be arranged by levying heavy taxes on the Profiteers and Gold-Diggers of Future Wars.

Allen Stanfield, local G-man, received a warrant for the notorious Pete Traxler, the southwest's current Public Enemy No. 1. Written on it in blue pencil was the terse order, "Go fetch!"

BEN HATCHER is threatening to start a church of his own; he doesn't want to reform and he can't get the local ministers to approve everything he does. . . . The season has arrived in which Joe Cathey usually begins substituting a dozen iceless Coca-Colas for his daily dozen cups of coffee. . . . Lease Bonifield is a member of the Ada oil fraternity who dabbles in leases and his name is not a nickname. . . . The Ada Baseball Amusement company is probably the most businesslike group ever to have charge of an Ada ball team and the thing is certain to be a success. . . . Elmer Dean thinks he could boost the gate receipts if they hired him as a pitcher and advertised him as "Dizzy" Dean.